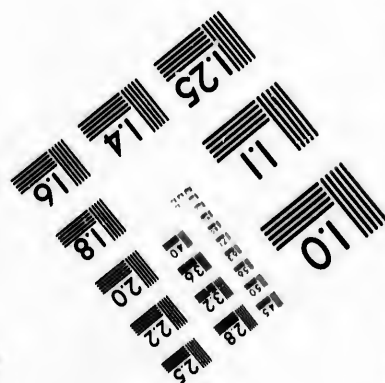
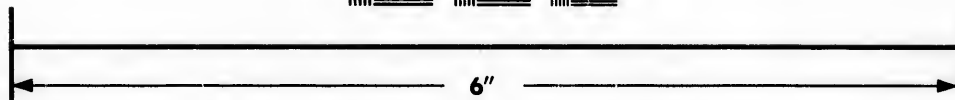
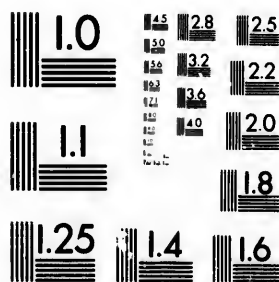


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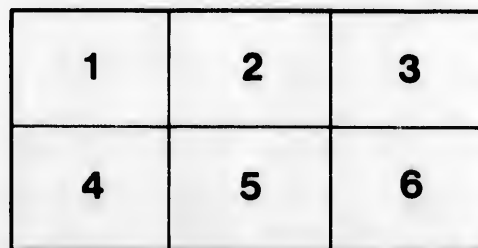
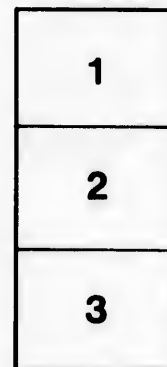
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W.P.
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"Cowitch says he is a good Indian. The Mojaves are bad Indians; they lie and steal, take white man's presents and grub, and then kill him. He has never killed any white man. It was Butterfield, the guide, who killed three white men in the mountains. Cowitch likes the white men, and wants to be friends with them. The white man came to his country, and Cowitch was glad; but the white man would not give him pay. No pay, no clothes, no grub. Cowitch good Indian, friend to white man; but the country was his, and the white man took it away."

Without explaining to Cowitch that a tribe of six hundred Indians, who draw nothing from the land except "the grasshoppers that sport on the hillside," could hardly be allowed to monopolize over eighty thousand acres of our richest mineral land, we proceeded to state that we wished information about the camping facilities of the Pahranaagat Valley. To this Cowitch replied, through Frank:

"Cowitch good Indian; but the Mojave Indians are bad Indians, who lie and steal, and take the white man's presents and grub, and then killed them. It was Butterfield, the guide, who killed the white men up in the mountains. Cowitch has never killed any white men. The white man come to Cowitch and take his country, but don't pay him. He wants money or muck-a-muck for his braves; have nothing to eat, as there are no grasshoppers.—Mother-in-law, get me a drink of water."

Upon this we informed Cowitch that we were prepared to give him tobacco, and muck-a-muck, and clothes, and jewelry, in abundance, if he would only give us a guide from his tribe. Then the big chief laid down his pipe, and said:

"Cowitch will give a guide to the white man. Cowitch a good Indian, but the Mojave no good to white man. It was Butterfield, the guide, who killed three white men in the mountains. The white man come to Cowitch and take his country; but, when he ask them for pay, they say 'git!'"

This unexpected variation upon the original theme struck us so pleasantly, that we proceeded to distribute Indian goods in great profusion upon the leading squaw of Cowitch a string of buttons, which her husband afterward took away from her and appropriated to his own use. Then the council broke up. The chiefs rode away, some lingered around the cooks, and others peered into the tents in the hope of stealing something. I interviewed Cowitch, in the hope of obtaining some ethnological information. The only fact of any importance which I discovered will prove interesting to those Eastern gentlemen who have been recently asserting that the Indian cannot lie. There is one exception, at least, to this rule, in the case of the Shoshone tribe, and I think it likely that I shall discover others in my progress southward.

Cowitch in private was as affable as he was dignified in public. We sat down and smoked cigarettes. I endeavored to obtain from him the Shoshone equivalent of certain English words. These he declined to give, for the following logical reasons:

"White man know heap—not know Shoshone—Indian know Shoshone—white man know Shoshone, then white man all the same as Indian."

Having Frank to fall back upon, I was not bitterly disappointed. The wily Cowitch had hoped to extort a quarter from me, but I foiled him. The consciousness of this fact rendered me unusually amiable, and I beamed benignantly on the vermilion-tinged being before me. I did so wish that those of my friends who know and admire my scientific attainments could have seen me exhibiting them for the benefit of Cowitch. The compass and the deflection of the needle, the barometer, the anemometer, and the photographic camera, were all explained in detail by me to the noble aborigine, and the climax was reached when our pioneer passed by and remarked to Cowitch that I was the man who made newspapers.

I could see that Cowitch was impressed, and I mentally apostrophized the glorious power of the press which—but I will save that sentiment for the next press-dinner which I attend. Then Cowitch, with proper deference, asked me if I was a big chief.

I looked modestly conscious, and then answered boldly in the affirmative; for it was a matter of doubt, and I had a right to take any possible advantage.

Then Cowitch asked me if I had a squaw.

I told him not at present, but there was no saying what might happen, to which he assented, with the luminous observation, "Yes; heap happen," which was certainly truthful, if not profound.

Then, as a return question, I asked him if those were his squaws, and he acknowledged them. I asked him still further if he could save Mormon.

He could not, and I explained as follows:

"Mormon—tribe—over there—Salt Lake—big chief heap squaws—ten—twenty—sixty—heap squaws."

What do you suppose was this sagacious chieftain's response? I glow with delight as I write it.

"No fun—heap squaws—no fun," from which I infer that, in spite of the success of his domestic discipline, Cowitch found one mother-in-law quite sufficient.

On the whole, we parted on the best of terms. I presented him with two old kid gloves, one brown and one lavender, which he drew on with great delight, and then remarked:

"Cowitch is good Indian, but the Mojaves no good. Cowitch is a friend of the white man, and never hurt him. It was Butterfield the guide who—"

Hastily interrupting him at this point, I bade him good-by and rushed into my tent.

Cowitch himself made a grand tour of the camp, saying good-by, and shaking hands with every officer, soldier, and cook in the party.

The last words I heard were, "It was Butterfield who made the air has seemed to reach them faintly through the tent."

It seems to me that I ought to draw some conclusions from the scenes of this day, and yet I dislike exceedingly to generalize. The Indian is a human being, and therefore capable of education and civilization. It is his right, even if he does not claim it, and it is the duty of the Government and the people to give it to him. But the development of the country is also a duty, and that philanthropy which denounces our settlers, who are hastening this work, as persecutors of the Indian, is as idiotic as it is ignorant.

"There needs no ghost come from the grave, my lord,

To tell us that;"

and yet there are those who, through a sickly sentimentality or a love of notoriety, prate about the wrongs of the noble savage, who is, generally speaking, a filthy and degraded brute. This country is too valuable to humanity to be given up to grasshopper-hunting. The conduct of our settlers is not perfect, but it does not deserve opprobrious reproach. There are Indians who are harmless, and who are unmolested, to be sure, but also neglected, which is wrong. There are others who are blood-thirsty, untamed, and pitiless, and these are objects of attack, which is right. And certain would-be orators, who utter much meaningless stuff about the condition of the Indian in the East, which few people there attend to or care about, are raising a bitter feeling in the extreme West, and may produce disastrous results in the future.

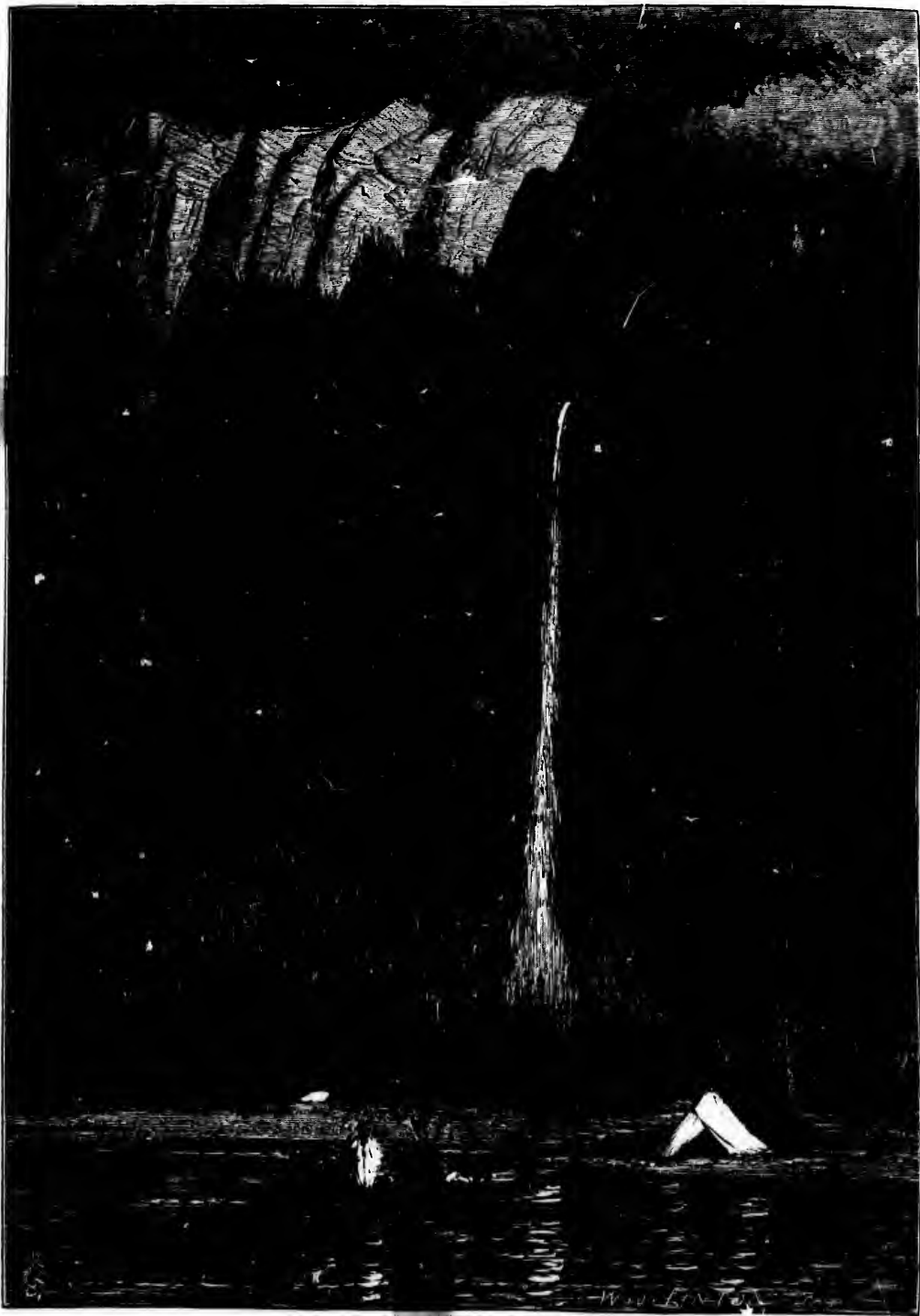
LATER.—Since Cowitch's departure, two dippers and a tin pail have been missed, together with a Roman scarf, one end of which was incautiously left hanging out of a valise. We do not complain—we are simply thankful that his eye for color prevented him from abstracting more valuable objects. And we have every confidence in the integrity and amiability of Butterfield the guide, although we have never seen him.

FRED. W. LOHME.

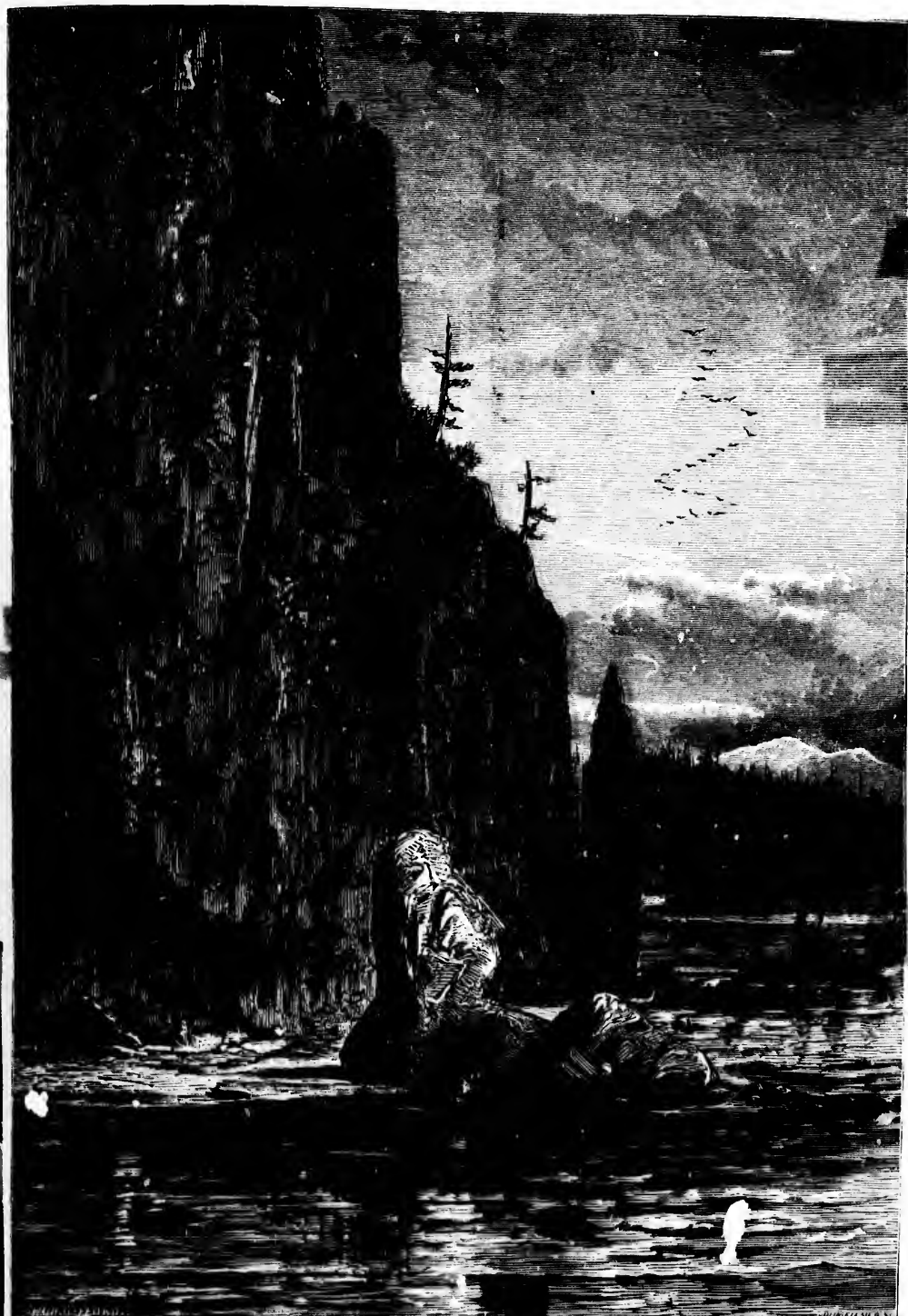
THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. SWAIN OFFORD.

THE continuous range of mountains known as the Sierra Nevada in California bears the name of Cascade Range through Oregon, Washington Territory, and British Columbia. The name originated from the numerous beautiful cascades which pour from every crevice, at every height, and sometimes even from the top of the steep bluff-sides of the gorge in these mountains, through which the mighty Columbia forces its way to pour its volume of water into the Pacific Ocean. The Columbia, which forms so large a portion of the south boundary of Washington Territory, and then traverses its whole breadth from south to north, is navigable from the mouth of the river to the last or cascades—a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. By a portage at the cascades, where there is a railroad, six miles in length, navigation is open to the Dalles, two hundred and



MULTANOMAH FALLS, COLUMBIA RIVER.



CAPE HORN, COLUMBIA RIVER

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